UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

America's Superiority Complex

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

A Sketch of Spain Under Quasi-Martial Law

By EPHRAIM CROSS

Body and Spirit

By HARRY TAYLOR

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *: Editors :* FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1922 NUMBER 5

An International Anthem

[Note. In the first days of September, 1922, I went across the line to Vancouver in British Columbia, to bid god-speed to a nephew of mine who sailed for India, to engage in missionary service. While there I was asked to speak before a club of young business men, gathered for their noon lunch in the neighboring city of New Westminster. My address was on world unity, and was well enough received, yet at the close, they sang, as was their habit, "God Save the King." The tune, of course, was the tune to which we sing, "America." Some days afterwards it came to me with special emphasis that as the two great sections of the English speaking world, which is the ascendant world of our day, use one and the same tune for their separate nationalistic songs it would be eminently fitting that the same tune should be used for an international hymn. Under the impulse of this idea I wrote the lines which are given herewith, and which we are introducing as an International Anthem here in Seattle and vicinity. They are offered here in the hope that they may find international use, and perhaps lead the way to an original anthem, as to both words and music, which will voice the growing world fellowship of mankind.—R. W.]

MY COUNTRY IS THE WORLD

My country is the world;
My flag, with stars impearled,
  Fills all the skies.
All the round earth I claim,
Peoples of every name;
And all inspiring fame
  My heart would prize.

Mine are all lands and seas,
All flowers, shrubs and trees,
  All life's design.
My heart within me thrills
For all uplifted hills,
And for all streams and rills;
  The world is mine.

And all men are my kin,
Since ever man has been,
  Blood of my blood.
I glory in the grace
And strength of every race,
And joy in every trace
  Of brotherhood.

The days of pack and clan
Shall yield to love of man,
  When, war-flags furled,
We shall be done with hate,
And strife of state with state,
When man with man shall mate
  O'er all the world.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Seattle, Washington, September 16, 1922.

Let no one think that the reports which are coming to us of European conditions are too dark. It is quite impossible for them to be too dark. The nations of Europe are bankrupt; their social structures are little by little breaking down; step by step their people are getting poorer, their cities less clean and beautiful, their currency more valueless, their life a thing of exhaustion and decay. As we traveled this summer from London to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, we felt that we were seeing the progressive disintegration of our modern civilization. London was fairly normal, Paris was shabby, Berlin a place of hectic demoralization, Vienna the abode of dull despair, Moscow a wreck. For the first time we felt that we really understood what had happened in the ancient days to Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon, and the great cities of the Nile. It no longer seemed to us a wonder that great societies, of splendor and renown, should become in the course of centuries mere piles of stone and rubbish. In Europe to-day is visible to every traveler who has eyes to see and mind to understand, the beginning of that process of social dissolution, the end of which may be discerned in the Acropolis at Athens and the Forum at Rome. In a remarkable essay contributed to the New York *World* on New Year's day, 1909, and since republished in a volume entitled "Social Forces in England and America," Mr. H. G. Wells wrote these words:

> Every modern European state is more or less like a cranky, ill-built steamboat in which some idiot has mounted and loaded a monstrous gun with no apparatus to damp its recoil. Whether that gun hits or misses when it is fired, of one thing we may be absolutely certain—it will send the steamboat to the bottom of the sea.

The gun was fired in 1914! It is terrible to contemplate how accurately Mr. Wells's prophecy is being verified.

Before this editorial is printed, Lloyd-George may have resigned, and England be in the turmoil of a general election. This is of course a rash prognostication, for the English Premier has demonstrated in the past an almost miraculous ability to hold his own against assault. But this time the attacks are beating down upon him with such unprecedented fury and unanimity, that it seems almost certain that they must sweep him out of office. For ourselves, we devoutly hope that this may be the outcome, for we believe that Lloyd-George has long enough played fast and loose with the destinies of England and of the world at large. But we could wish that the fall of this man had come at once when his policies threatened war in the Near East, and not been delayed to the moment when not peace but the prestige of the Empire was at stake. With a precipitancy as great as that of the World War in 1914, and with as little consultation with the common people, Mr. Lloyd-George brought England to the very threshold of armed conflict at the Dardanelles. A chance shot from a sentry's gun, a thoughtless act of some regimental officer, a single slip

by Gen. Harrington or Mustepha Kemal, would have engulfed not merely Britain but the world in war. That was the time when the English people should have risen as a single man, and swept their irresponsible leader from office. But they did not do so! On the contrary, they gave every sign of supporting him. Only when the crisis of war was for the moment avoided, and negotiations at Mudania revealed the full significance of the defeat of the Greeks and the resulting humiliation of the British Empire, did there come a real revolt against the Cabinet. It is perhaps foolish to carp at any issue which may rid the world of Lloyd-George. But we cannot help wishing that it had been a revolutionary refusal to go to war which ended this statesman's career, and not a mere concern for imperial interests.

There are two things that are going to be done in this country in the next few months. There is no question as to their being done ultimately; the only question is—when, how long must we still wait! The first of these two things, to which we refer, is amnesty for political offenders, the pardoning and release of the seventy odd I. W. W. prisoners now confined in the penitentiary at Leavenworth. That these men should serve out the ferocious sentences imposed upon them by the court, in the fever of war-excitement, has of course been impossible from the beginning. America has fallen pretty low since 1917, but not so low as to hold behind the bars for twenty years a group of individuals guilty of no other crime than that of minority opinion. But when will they be released? Signs are multiplying that public sentiment is getting impatient at the continued incarceration of these men; the enormous mass meeting in Chicago some weeks ago, addressed by Senator Borah on amnesty, was a significant sign of the times. But the administration still remains unmoved. Like a stubborn child, it refuses to do what it knows that it must do in the end. The second thing which we have in mind is the recognition of Soviet Russia. Everybody sees that this must come. Senator Caraway is only one of a great group of American travelers returning from abroad, who have discovered that the Russian government is permanently established, and that resumption of diplomatic and trade relations is absolutely essential if Europe is to be saved from collapse. But Secretary of State Hughes, still chattering the clap-trap of the Wilson administration, shouts to high heaven that the Bolsheviki will never, *never* be recognized, when he knows all the time, unless he is an utter fool, that recognition is sooner or later inevitable. The whole situation, on both these two points, reminds us of the familiar advertising slogan—"Eventually! Why not now?" Perhaps it would be "now," if enough people took the trouble to tell the administration how silly it is, and how each day's added delay only makes the more awkward in the end what might have been so graceful in the beginning.

The impeachment proceedings against Attorney-General Daugherty, whether ultimately successful or unsuccessful, should at least serve the excellent purpose of rediscovering the fact that the Constitution grants to the House of Representatives the right to impeach, and to the Senate the right to try for impeachment, any and all officers of government guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors against that august instrument. Just why this particular provision of the Constitution should have fallen into such "innocuous desuetude," is one of those mysteries which historians must some day undertake to explain to posterity. Whatever the reason, the truth remains that, in recent years, an executive official can apparently do anything, commit offenses of usurpation and tyranny of every imaginable description, and still not be in the slightest danger of being called to account by Congress. Mr. Palmer, whose name and even initials we have entirely forgotten, but who may be remembered by some few of our readers as Attorney-General in President Wilson's cabinet—the immediate predecessor of Mr. Daugherty, by the way!—is the crowning illustration of what we mean. This man, with reckless abandon, assailed again and again the Constitutional liberties of the people—in his famous "raids" wantonly disregarded those basic rights of individual freedom solemnly laid down in the first ten amendments to the Constitution—and yet he was allowed to finish his term and retire into obscurity without being brought before the bar of justice. What was true of Mr. Palmer, was true also of Postmaster Burleson, who used his office in utter disregard of the limitations imposed by Constitution and statute law. And now comes Mr. Daugherty, to continue the fine tradition of executive irresponsibility. The fact that courts are easily found to sustain all acts of executive usurpation, is only added reason why Congress should assert itself. Perhaps Mr. Daugherty is the proverbial "last straw," and is destined to be remembered as the man who restored to the nation the lost process of impeachment!

In *Hearst's International* for October is an important article by the distinguished journalist, Frazier Hunt, on the liquor situation in Europe. Mr. Hunt punctures effectively the hoary myth that beer and light wines are non-intoxicating, and the companion myth that beer and light wines are the only beverages consumed on the continent. On the contrary, he shows what every student of the facts already knows, that beer and light wines, both intoxicating, are not preventives of hard drinking, but direct incentives thereto; and that the consumption of whiskey is therefore increased and not diminished, least of all abolished,

by the simpler drinks. More important, however, is Mr. Hunt's disclosure of the part the liquor interests of Europe are taking in the present anti-prohibition agitation here in America. These interests clearly understand that permanent prohibition in this country means ultimate prohibition in all countries. They infer, with good logic, that the liquor traffic abroad is surely doomed, unless the business can here be restored in some form or other. The Volstead Act certainly, the eighteenth amendment if possible, must go! So these foreign interests, says Mr. Hunt, are now pouring money without end into these the United States, in order to break down and destroy the prohibitory legislation which has made this vast territory "dry." It is this which accounts for the persistency and vigor of the campaign now under way to bring us back to the "good old days" of the saloon, the brewery, and the "blind tiger." Those who sell "booze" in European countries, allied with those who used to sell "booze" in this country, are fighting prohibition not for our good but for their profit. The pity of it is that so many perfectly good and sincere men are falling victims to this pernicious propaganda under various specious pleas, of which "personal liberty" is, to date at least, the prize pumpkin.

The centenary of the birth of President Rutherford B. Hayes, born October 4, 1822, was observed with a unanimity of indifference which was impressive and, to our way of thinking, most regrettable. For Hayes was an abler chief magistrate of this country than he is commonly given credit for, and is entitled to a gratitude for high public service which his countrymen have never been willing to bestow. His biography, recently published, did something to place his character and career on the level where they belong, in the eyes of historians at least, but left the general public unmoved. Hayes's fundamental lack, of course, was personality; he had none of that divine gift of magnetism which made a man like Roosevelt, for example, conspicuous beyond all the deserts of his native ability. Furthermore, he entered his exalted office under the cloud of a disputed election, with more than half of his fellow-citizens irrevocably hostile to him because of their belief that Tilden had been victor. But Hayes's administration was unquestionably the best which America saw from the death of Lincoln to the advent of Cleveland, and was filled with instances of courage and wisdom of a high order. Thus, after the indescribable corruption of the Grant regime, the government was promptly restored to ways of decency and order. The "carpet-bag" rule of the South was ended, and the work of reconciliation definitely begun. Civil service reform was given that initial impetus which carried it, in a generation, to triumph. One of the ablest cabinets ever assembled in Washington, including such men as Evarts, John Sherman and Carl Schurz, set a standard of efficiency and justice in department administration, which marked a new era in political history. President Hayes deserved better of his contemporaries than they knew, or were willing to admit. It remains now for posterity to grant him the fame and honor which are his due.

The plight of the churches seems to be about as bad in England as in America. In the July 1st issue of the London *Inquirer,* which came to our attention some time ago, we find account of an address delivered at a Unitarian conference by the Rev. Dr. McLachlan, Principal of the Unitarian Training College, Manchester, on "The Future of Our Ministry." Of this, says the report, "he took a very serious view." Then comes the familiar catalogue of woes! A sufficient number of young men is not coming forward for training, and "the churches (are) compelled to put up with the services of men whose educational outfit is inferior to that of ministers of almost every other Nonconformist body." No less than 13 of the 81 churches on the role of the Provincial Assembly, before which this address was given, were without ministers of any sort. In the country at large there appeared to be 8 ministers available to accept appointments for 29 vacant pulpits, while there were 14 laymen in charge of as many churches. The dearth of students at the colleges was described as "alarming." The *Inquirer's* story ends with the statement that "a resolution was passed urging the committee to consider 'this critical question' and consult the local associations with a view to increase the number of candidates for the colleges." We do not know what else the meeting could have done, but we beg to state that resolutions are not going to solve the problem thus so frankly presented by Dr. McLachlan. Something more fundamental, touching deep issues of ecclesiastical organization and social life, must be undertaken, if *any* candidates for the ministry, other than a few milk-sops and traditionalists, are to be had a generation hence.

We rejoice at the growing prosperity and power of *The Community Churchman.* Started a year and a half ago as a quarterly, this paper now announces in its July-September issue that, "beginning with the date of the regular quarterly issue of October, 1922," it will become "a monthly." Two new departments are also announced to appear in this October number. *The Community Churchman* is not all that we might wish it to be—which means, of course, that it is being edited not by ourselves but by somebody else who has his own very definite ideas and purposes! But it represents accurately, we have no doubt, the present status of the community church movement in America—it has clear vision of the issue between denominationalism and community idealism—it encourages the free discussion of methods and ideas—it publishes impor-

tant news gathered from a nation-wide field—it seeks steadfastly the fulfillment of what it calls "an apostolic message—'that they may all be one'." We congratulate the editors of this able "pioneer periodical" upon their well-deserved success. They have made sacrifices, and must still make sacrifices, for their cause; but if ever there was a guarantee of a sure future, this guarantee is theirs.

America's Superiority Complex

The social worker and the psycho-analyst recognize the inferiority complex as a valid method of approach to the understanding of individual pathological problems. The social psychologist is beginning to recognize it as an important factor in certain group inhibitions and psychoses such as the restlessness of woman, the backwardness of the negro and the hypersensitiveness of suppressed races. This complex has gained popular recognition because of the ease with which its symptoms are recognized. We are consequently well on the way to a technique of treatment which usually includes the re-education of the individual in mental hygiene and the redirection of the sick mind toward healthy objectivity.

Too long, however, we have neglected the superiority complex, which frequently exists in a dominant group as an habitual attitude, not only causing the inferiority complex among the dominated, but also producing an insidious disease which might be called the sickness of a successful society.

The reason why the superiority psychosis has attracted so little popular attention is because its symptoms do not send the patient hurrying to the physician or analyst. He is suffused with a glow of satisfaction and imagines himself in the prime of condition. He is not recognized as a psychopath in an age or country where the success mires are accepted as the common pattern.

There are at least two well defined symptoms of the disease, however, which create abnormal behavior. First, the overestimated imagination of the patient causes him to think of himself as in a special category. There is an unhealthy subjectivity which instead of leading to a morbid outlook as in the case of the inferior leads to a false sense of importance. His values, which are of course the highest, are his exclusive property. The good things of earth gravitate to him by a certain inalienable right which does not apply to others. This exaggerated exclusiveness becomes a fixed idea against the background of which all his assumptions and judgments are made. Thus virtue unconsciously becomes identified with him and his kind. This is not a crude, individualistic form of egotism, but the egotism is sublimated into social or group expression—tunnels into the subconscious and emerges into a sect, party or country. Reinforced by an intense patriotism this form of complex becomes particularly vicious because it is not recognized as a disease, but as the greatest of virtues.

The second psychopathic symptom follows naturally from the first:—namely, a certain myopia which blinds the patient to virtuous action and honesty of motives in others. His own behavior and type are the true pattern, and all action which does not conform must be inferior. The chasm between classes, sects, nations and persons widens until it cannot be bridged. The superior are so by a new sort of divine right and all others are endowed by nature to live on lower levels and to remain lesser breeds. Their values and motives must necessarily be alien and inferior because they do not conform to the "picture in the head" of the successful, which, as Lippman has shown, distorts our vision of the objective world. The will to lay hold on some socialized ego reinforcement often begets the concomitant will to deprecate others and minimize their worth. To use the sex relation, man deprecates woman's capacity because by having a dependent class always around him his own rare abilities seem greater. Our stature shows to best advantage when we stand erect alongside the stunted.

Thus the superiority complex accounts for a corresponding inferiority psychosis, each reacting upon and intensifying the other. What class conflicts and social maladies follow such a situation are obvious.

A study of the habitual attitude of the average American, especially since the war, discloses a clear case of this social superiority complex and throws light upon inner motives at work in many of the most intricate and difficult national problems of the day.

The winning of the war has intensified in every victorious country the sense of superiority in which the native citizen shares by identifying himself with the triumphant nationalism. Likewise this has increased the patriot's belief in the inferiority of foreign peoples and customs. The glow of satisfaction which comes from winning on the field of battle is transferred and continued in economic and social relationships. This fact of an intensified superiority complex, especially in America and France, must be recognized by the social psychologist.

One most serious effect which it will have in this country is to make the American feel that his culture and his nation and his values are not to be questioned. They cannot be threatened by the doom which is so obviously settling down upon Europe. They are identified with triumph and are destined to go on "from strength to strength." Other countries may totter, other cultures may lose their creativeness, but here we have a superior form of life which is not the prey of insidious disintegrating forces. Such a feeling of

well being and spiritual myopia may very possibly prevent our seeing the signs of disease which are beginning to show on the surface of our national life and may eventually cause the unconscious downfall of this culture. As Ferero said "The Romans were the last to know when Rome fell," and so may the superiority complex prevent us from knowing when we are about to fall.

Again, in industry, we find the superiority complex subtly operating. The fundamental fact in the struggle of labor today is the fight for a decent living. Every economist knows that the average laborer has not been able to keep his wage curve climbing as fast as the curve of costs, nor has he been able to prevent the curve from dropping faster than that of costs. This in all conscience is bad enough. But this is only half the story for standards are constantly rising, so that if the worker even lived on exactly the same objective plane today as ten years ago, he would have fallen far behind his steadily rising subjective standard. Poverty is a relative term.

It is at this point that the superiority complex enters to illumine the situation. Veblen has shown that it is the upper classes which set standards. Wants originate at the top and percolate through the intervening strata to those of the lowest economic group. But being in a special category, the superior, while demanding increasing standards for himself and for his kind, resents others entering into the favored class. Conspicuous success is his special prerogative. While he is thus driven onward and upward he cannot perceive that the foreign laborer should also feel the urge of increasing standards. The twelve hour day and the seven day week are well enough for all these foreigners want is beer, bread and sleep.

Thus myopia blinds the superior to an understanding in others of the very motives which animate himself. A silk shirt on an American is an inalienable right but on an Italian it is an affront.

One of the most significant and sinister facts of the present day in the United States is this shifting of emphasis in the economic field to race prejudice. "Americanism" as a disease, a fixed idea, a superiority complex is entering the economic field to distort clear thinking and to let loose some of the most dangerous passions of which men are capable.

Another illustration of the development of this psychopathic outlook is the rapidly growing imperialism of the United States. Symptoms were discernible before the war but have become much more acute since that time. The position into which this country has been thrust by the events of the past few years is reacting upon us not to give us a world consciousness and chastened mood, but to make us the conscious possessors of a power which will make us dangerous both to ourselves and to the world. The concentration of credit, our relatively growing navy, our immense resources, our lack of international experience, are almost sure to lead to grave consequences at the moment when humility and far sightedness are most needed. Bertrand Russell in a recent article in the *Century* sees this process clearly. He says "It is of course obvious that the next power to make a bid for world empire will be America. America may not yet consciously desire such a position, but no nation with sufficient resources can long resist the attempt," and he further psycho-analyses our complex by declaring that we "surpass even the British in . . . the skillful use of a hypocrisy by which even they themselves are deceived."

Evidence of superiority in international relations upon our officials may already be seen in the Caribbean. Here are all the ear-marks of the dawn of imperialism. Here the attitude of caste has already solidified into fact. The American, whether North or South, is psychopathic regarding the black and is consequently absolutely unfitted to rule them. But the myopia of accustomed domineering makes it impossible for him to see himself in this light.

A growing economic expansion together with a static provincialism of mind, is sure to set the stage for the age old scourge—imperialism.

One of the highest duties of Americans is to recognize the new peril attending this new phase of our national life, and to purge our minds by a social hygiene which will cultivate in us a healthy objectivity.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

THE HARVEST.

"They sow the crop, day in, day out—the woeful crop of lies,
That thrive through flood, and fire, and drought, and through your sacrifice";
They sow it in the Christ's dear word and in the Buddha's creed,—
From a hundred million presses to the four winds fling the seed.

They sow it in the Summer time, the Winter, Spring and Fall;
They sow it in the parliament and in the justice hall;
They sow it in the souls of men, of mother and of child,—
By it the fields of truth are choked, the fruits of love defiled.

They sow it to the roll of drums 'round "Unknown heroes'" graves,
To the thunder of the cheering of their proud, embattled slaves;
They sow it unto world-wide war, to Hate and Famine's tread,—
And the harvest is ten million boys in Europe lying dead.

COVINGTON HALL.

Across the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence.

There are many institutions common to Australia and America. One of these is community singing. Who started this I do not know. I suspect the Y. M. C. A. is partly responsible. It looks as if the people of the world were trying to sing themselves back into good feeling. I don't know how it will succeed: for I recall that singing leads men into war. It has been said that devils do not sing. I doubt it. Anyway community singing is here and I think it will do good.

I have just come from a noonday community sing in the Auditorium, holding 2500 people, which was packed. The meeting was in part an "Official Welcome to Miss Rosina Buckman and Her Husband Mr. Maurice D'Oisly"; Mr. D'Oisly who is an "eminent English Tenor," acting as conductor. The first song on the song-sheet was, "Down on the Swanee Ribber" and the last song of the dozen was "John Brown's Body"—so any good American could feel perfectly at home.

"The Long, Long Trail" stirred the big audience, especially when the "ladies" were asked to take the "second verse alone," and then there was a thrill when the "ladies" were asked to "whistle it," indicating by the way it was carried through that "whistling women" can surpass the men in whistling. "Three Blind Mice" were chased about by three sections of the big audience and suffered more than they did from the "carving knife" of "the farmer's wife"; and "John Brown's Body" was so deleted by elision of word after word, until nothing was left but "John" . . . . and the pianist pounding away on the Grand Piano.

The community sing was well done, and now if some radio-telephone distributing conductor can get the nations all to singing "Smile, Smile, Smile" and "Glory to God in the Highest,"—the World Community Idea may blossom like a garden in the desert.

There is one thing that Australians and Americans —millions of them—are looking at together with great interest. It is the tennis contest for the Davis Cup. The Australians—as the deacons and elders among my readers know—have overcome all rivals, Belgians, English, French, Spanish, and now have only one more river to cross,—the Americans, represented by Tilden, Johnson and Co. Whoever wins I am sure the Australians will give a good account of themselves and help draw the two peoples into a common respect for each other.

Why do Australians—who number only five and a half millions—turn out such fine athletes? They only recently swept the English off their feet in cricket; and now they have fought their way near the top, if not the top, in tennis. By the time this is read, the contests for the Davis Cup will be over; but at this moment millions in the two lands are watching the tennis courts.

In the first place, Australians are outdoor people. The "Bush" figures big in their imaginings, and in their realities. While nearly half of them live in cities, yet even these swarm to the gardens, parks and playfields when work is over. Then they have sensibly arranged regular time for getting away for rest or play.

On Saturday, at noon, practically all work ceases. Shops, factories, offices are universally closed. Sunday also is a day without work. Other days also have six o'clock closing, even for grog-shops. These sensible rules give plenty of time for community play, and play is general. There are few Sunday papers. In Melbourne, with 800,000 people, it is illegal to sell a paper on Sunday. This is not because of Puritanism; but to secure opportunity for play, rest and study.

Australia has a climate suited for play—tennis, football, cricket, golf, etc.—practically the year round. Australians are naturally athletic—being strong, long-limbed and tenacious. They have a dogged determination to win, which shows itself in games; due either to their being a young nation, ambitious to appear well before their elders, or to their pioneer struggles. This accounts for their many successes. All Australians, nearly, play one or more games, since the climate has a luring influence; and because of national interest in sports. They are a people whose friendship it would be well for Americans to cultivate. They are bound to exercise a great influence in the affairs of the Pacific before many decades. They are 95 per cent British, and as I tell them they are also 95 per cent American, since Australians and Americans in their characteristics are 95 per cent in common.

Community of song and community of sports will help to bring in the Commonwealth.

August 22. SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

X.

Amnesty for our political prisoners and the recognition of the Soviet Government were the two subjects discussed in a recent address delivered by Senator William E. Borah before a Chicago audience of five thousand. Probably not since war days has there been held in this country a large massmeeting which equaled this one in enthusiasm. Yet as I watched those thousands so ardently applaud the sententious sentences of their Idaho orator, I could not but ask myself if the emotional fervor was due to group conviction regarding the themes being discussed, or if it was the result of the magnetic personality of the speaker. We like to think, those of us who are engaged in the task of molding public opinion, that the American citizen is a thinking animal, and that his conduct is governed by his intellect. Often, however, we are forced to give credence to statements claiming that audiences are influenced not by argument but by the personality of the speaker.

A well known and influential pastor while talking to a group of men of his own profession asserted that the religious views expressed in our American pulpits had little or no influence on the thought-life of the people; that it was the personality of the pastor which

influenced the congregation, not the philosophical content of the sermon. If this be true in ecclesiastical circles (and no one doubts but that to a certain degree it is true), a like statement can be made in reference to political bodies. This means that legislators are sent to Washington not alone because their political views represent those held by the majority in their districts, but in part because of a certain psychic influence which their personalities had on those who voted them into office. Mankind is not a piece of intellectual mechanism. Reflection on campaign issues is not the only factor which enters into the decision as to where the ballot shall be marked. Personality counts in politics. LaFollette's large plurality in the recent Wisconsin primaries was due partly because of the principles for which he stood and the political machine which he had constructed, but largely because of the magnetism, the frankness, and the open-hearted cordiality of his personality. And Lodge was victorious in Massachusetts partly because that state stands for the tenets voiced by that Senator, but largely because of his dignity, his cultural refinement, and his keen intellect.

Such a situation is not a human weakness to be deplored. Life would lose much of its joy if it was deprived of that exhilaration, that mental and physical enhancement, that sympathy which comes through contact of person with person. It is important that our statesmen represent American thought, but it is none the less important that they represent, by their personalities, American life. Democracy will not fail if democracy can be made an institution capable of placing the nation's government in the hands of the nation's most representative men; in the hands of those who, because of their political theories and their heroic personalities have become the idols of their generation. We can forego kings and great political parties, but so long as human nature remains human we cannot forego the hero, for the true hero is the prophet of his country; he is the incarnation of his nation's life. EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

A Sketch of Spain Under Quasi-Martial Law

(Copyright, 1922.)

I.

This was my second day in Spain. The paper I had bought yesterday,—yesterday's news was fresh enough in Spain,—I now carefully drew out of my liberal-sized Spanish closet and read item by item. If you didn't hear from the conversation of your neighbors, at any rate, from the newspapers you saw the country was at war.

Having lived through one state of war in my native U. S. A. I knew how to accept my present surroundings, but whether from second nature or from the indifference of those about me, I did not feel that I was moving in an abnormal atmosphere.

Yet I soon discovered that serious developments had occurred. The day I stepped ashore at Vigo, word had just been received of a disastrous set-back to the Spanish arms in Morocco. Spain, then, was at war with the Moors in a wondrous repetition of history, and the Moors, fired perhaps by their glorious past in the Iberian peninsula, were fighting well.

A word about these modern Moors. Arabs from Morocco though they are, these men are not unworthy descendants of the highly civilized Semitic people that ruled Spain for so many centuries and whose features you can look upon in many a Spanish face you meet in your travels through this country. Spain is saturated with that noble blood and yet, in this conflict, saw little nobility in her opponents. Still, everyone admitted that their leaders were highly capable. Many had been trained in Spanish universities. The Spaniards acknowledged that many of the Arab generals were fine gentlemen. Some noble stories were told of them.

One of these accounts is worth repeating. It is a magnificent tribute to the nobility of the Spanish disposition that, with the country in the midst of a serious war, the newspapers were bold enough, and the reading public magnanimous enough, to accept on the front page a concession to the enemy in the form of this story of Arabian chivalry.

Abd-el-Krin is an old friend of Colonel Riquelme's and also of Colonel Morales'. They studied together in the Melilla Arabian School. When Abd-el-Krin saw Morales dead he wrote Riquelme a letter telling him that he could send for his companion's body.

For the most part, however, the conduct of the war was similar to that adopted by all organized communities,—censorship of omission, total suppression, and even of complete fabrication.

The formidable catastrophe of Melilla was administered to the public in small, sugar-coated doses. The bitterness, however, was all too strong and soon regurgitated in all its nauseating effect.

As an example of journalistic treatment we exhibit news items from the *Faro de Vigo* of August 7, 1921. The gyrations are most entertaining.

In regard to rumors of the evacuation of the civil population of Melilla, the under-secretary declared that he knew nothing, but that it was possible that General Berenguer ordered the evacuation of the houses which surrounded the forts of the last line.

Again,

Melilla: (rush telegram)—Still nothing is known of General Navarro's column. The heat is asphyxiating. The aviators have dropped packages of food on the Mount Arruit position. They are not dropping ammunition because this becomes useless on falling. Fear is still expressed for the fate of General Navarro's column. From the El Arbaa position the Restinga lines were bombarded. A severe storm from the east is raging.

With the sky dropping heat and water and no ammunition, Cervantes' grim humor would concoct a pretty stew.

There is an incredulity in the simple faith of Latin-speaking peoples, the same leaven in their innocence that makes them devout, and yet distrustful Catholics.

But Spaniards are honest, and not infrequently fearless in opinion. I was learning not to be surprised at the feats of moral courage I witnessed.

Among the young men assisting the manager of the hotel, was a youth decidedly under twenty-one, but with broad-visioned, statesman-like views and a knowledge of history that would put to shame many a college graduate in my beloved U. S. A.

As we were idling at the hotel entrance, someone brought up the afternoon paper and he eagerly recited the headlines. "Atrocities and cruelties of the enemy." Reading on, he gave us a dreadful tale of the slaughter of some Spanish soldiers. His reading completed, he turned with serious mien to his companions, and, in graceful scorn, registered in tone and facial gesture, quietly but firmly asked if they thought it was all true, or if it were, "We don't commit atrocities either, I suppose? *Say, our men are just as capable of atrocities as the Moors.*"

His companions acquiesced! It was indeed a breath of open air to observe in this young Spaniard, of Galician birth and Spanish parentage and education, a spirit and an outlook that compassed the furthest horizon of human brotherhood and international justice. And there, in our little group, referring neither to the justice nor the injustice of the war his country was waging, still remaining a Spaniard at heart, he accomplished his bold and righteous purpose. He was effective,—and patriotic! Americans, pay tribute to him, an essential American! EPHRAIM CROSS.

Body and Spirit

"The spirit truly is willing but the flesh is weak" moaned the Apostle Paul. Again and again in history we find this insistence upon the duality of body and spirit. Ascetics the world over, in every age and among all peoples, have treated the body as a devil that must be tamed and put under firm control so that the spirit should have free play. The latest example of this kind of thought is found among our Christian Science friends who assert that all bodily ailments can be inhibited by the power of mind and the spirit become supreme.

It is well, I think, for thinking people and reformers to have clear ideas upon this subject for much evil is wrought and much unnecessary suffering entailed through wrong conceptions of body and spirit.

Modern students of healthy living are united in their belief that there is no separation of body and spirit in any healthy individual but that, on the contrary, the two are one and indivisible. If the experiences of most of the great mystics of history were examined in the light of modern knowledge I make bold to state that the great majority of the "third heaven" experiences (such as Paul's) would be found to be the result, not of purely spiritual activity, but of internal disturbances caused by senseless asceticism. I do not doubt for one moment that there have been real "mystic" experiences and what Dr. Bucke calls "periods of cosmic consciousness"; but these have occurred, as far as my investigation goes, when the body was in an exceptionally healthy condition not when it was starved by fanatic abstemiousness.

The human organism is built of flesh and blood, bone and tissue; as far as we know spirit cannot exist apart from this framework of matter; we *do* know for certain that the spirit, as it is called, comes to its finest expression through the perfect working of the material body. It can soar above the body, as it were, because the organs of the body are in such perfect adjustment that they can be ignored.

Disease is nature's warning that the person diseased is living contrary to nature's laws; it means that nature is attempting to give warning by pain and suffering that a change of life is necessary. The attitude of the Christian Scientist, I believe, is fundamentally wrong because it ignores this warning of nature and seeks to assert the supremacy of mind and spirit regardless of the condition of the body. If, for instance, a Christian Scientist were affected with gout through wrong feeding and lack of exercise I presume that he would try his best to inhibit all the symptoms of the gout and live as if he did not have the disease. It *is* possible for a short time to inhibit symptoms of disease in this way but it simply means that the disease is suppressed for the time being and driven deeper into the tissues. Later it comes out in a more virulent form. The sensible thing to do, of course, when disease manifests itself, is to find out the *cause* of the disease and then alter the mode of life so as to eliminate the cause. Nature never gives a false alarm and we may be sure that if we are the victims of sickness and physical pain we are breaking some of nature's laws.

For ministers and reformers generally the laws of health ought to be a special study. I am persuaded that mental and spiritual insight and keenness are increased to a marvellous degree through increased physical fitness as the result of right living and diet. I was talking not long ago to a friend of mine well known to the readers of this paper. He was speaking of those periods in his preaching when he had special moments of insight and vision and when he spoke as if he were inspired and said that he wished that such rare moments could be controlled so as to become more frequent. I replied that in my opinion we had a great deal to do with the production of such moments and that, to a great extent, it was the result of our physical fitness at the time. Dr. Valentine Knaggs, the well known English doctor and health specialist, has written a book entitled "Blood and Superman" in which he shows most conclusively the relation of the blood to mental and spiritual efficiency. I myself, in a partial degree, have experimented and experienced on the platform moments of inspiration and eloquence when I have had my body in perfect physical condition.

I have met in my life a few men who were health culturists and nature lovers who had learned the art of dieting and living as few men have. It was amazing to see how acute the senses of these men had become. They seemed to be *"en rapport"* with the universe to a remarkable degree and their mental keenness also seemed exceptional. I sometimes wonder whether Jesus was not such a man and whether his wonderful keenness and insight were not the result of an extraordinary knowledge of the art of living.

When one looks at human life from this point of view and sees the human body as a marvellous organism whose capacities we are only dimly beginning to suspect one is lifted up as if on wings and urged on to further heights of self-development and culture. In these days of prudery and abnormality one longs for the delight of the ancient Greeks in the perfect human body. Walt Whitman surely had the same point of view.

Let us not despise the body and treat it as of no account for on the condition of the body depends our highest spiritual expressions.

Wheeling, W. Va. HARRY TAYLOR.

With the Summer School at Lugano

An Impression.

I had breakfast this morning at a little table in the corner of the big room in which men and women from all parts of the globe gather now three times a day, break bread together in a true communion of fellowship which seems to me hardly less sacred than the wine quaffed from the mystic chalice in the supreme service of the Christian Churches. Both are feasts of love divine. At our table (I say our because it was shared by four others from lands separated by mountains and seas but joined by their representatives here in a bond far more permanent than any political association of nations) were Czecho Slovak, American, Danish and English. The talk ranged from Maenajk and his fine young disciple Benisch, the present Foreign Minister of Czecho Slovakia, to the woes of English writers in their struggle with their hereditary foe the publisher (alas the hydra headed monster Strife dogs our heels even at this peace meeting) for two of the company of five were English writers. We then crossed the ocean in spirit to Boston, Massachusetts, flew from thence to northern Denmark and the Summer School of our League to be held there next year.

I was invited to visit Czecho Slovakia, and I told of the grand mountains which guard its frontiers—alas that men must improve on nature's frontiers with their death dealing fortresses—and its rich plains and agricultural life, and in spirit I visited all these lands and saw in vision the day which, as our American friend, John Haynes Holmes, told us yesterday must come if we are to save our civilization when men will smile at the idea of dying for any other fatherland than an United States of Europe or better still a World Union of Peoples. We dwell here in a delightful hotel in the most southern, in some ways, the most attractive of Swiss Cantons, the sunny land of Ticino.

That our Summer School is held here in Lugano within the borders of the hospitable little land of Switzerland, the miniature republic that is such a striking illustration of the possibility of the fusion of peoples of different races speaking four different languages, is an instance of the impossibility of making arrangements that may not be turned upside down at the last minute in the present topsy-turvy world. Unrest in Italy made it discreet to hold our meeting in a land where conditions are more stable. Fortunately the threatened danger seems to have passed, and we still hope to visit Varese.

Now lest anyone should wonder why we are here who has not hitherto heard of our League, may I very briefly sketch its birth and history.

It came into being in England in the anxious days of the spring of 1915, with the first Women's Hague Conference held, in spite of much jeering and misrepresentation, as a protest against war as a means of settling quarrels between nations by a few women from both the belligerent and neutral nations under the presidency of Jane Addams (known and loved throughout America as the founder and presiding genius of Hull House, Chicago). This Conference met under great difficulties but made itself felt as a worthy effort not to be derided, both in Holland where it was held and many other countries. It ended by sending a deputation of three women of the then neutral nations, Jane Addams from America, Rosa Ginnone from Italy, who is now with us at Lugano, and Dr. Jacob from Holland, with a resolution to the chancelleries of Europe, thus establishing here a precedent for women to make their voice heard in the councils of nations.

Since the conclusion of the war the Women's International League has its headquarters in Geneva and has held congresses at Zurich in 1919 and at Vienna last year followed by a summer school at Salzburg. This summer two conferences were arranged to meet the existing conditions, one in Germany at Berg Launstein in the Taunus, it being impossible for most German members to travel on account of their depreciated currency, and one in Italy at Varese (Como). A notable feature of the school is that although officially a woman's meeting a large number of university students and other young people have come and contribute not a little to the joyous atmosphere. "It is all so jolly!" said a boy to me this morning who is going to be a scientist; "I came this year with my mother, but another year I shall come on my own even if she does not."

We seem to be giving very special attention to the problems of youth. Frederick van Eeden talked to us on *"Conceele du Jeunesse,"* and in the evening everybody who liked joined in an informal discussion of how to apply these precepts to practical life. A group of three German students from Berlin spoke on the relations between capital and labor in their own land and the impossibility of removing the idea of superiority in an employer of labor except by youthful comradeship between the classes, a comradeship enforced by the present poverty of the former middle classes which places them pecuniarily on a level with the manual worker. In this enforced equality (hard enough for those who chafe under it) may lie hope, nevertheless, of a new order for those who can see its meaning in the scheme of things.

Paul Burhoff, friend and biographer of Tolstoy, has talked to us of Russia. Bertrand Russell is coming from England to speak to us on Modern China; the gifted German writer Hermann Hesse has given us of his treasure of philosophic poetry, and Georges Duhamel interpreted for us some of the best thought of France. The soul of another gifted French writer, Mlle. Rolland, is with us here. Yet not in the speeches and discussions, admirable as they are, lies the success of our gathering nor yet in the joy for those from less favored lands of meeting in this Paradise of beauty by the shores of Lago di Lugano. The spirit that animates us will not be lost when after two weeks of comradeship at the Summer School, train and steamer bear us on September 2d far apart, to the ends of the earth. Nay, we shall go, I hope, as lightbearers to the dark places whether to dwell or pass by, as missionaries preaching a new gospel of goodwill to men which is but a repetition of the angels' song of Bethlehem, forgotten almost and hardly heard during the years of the world's agony. And we shall not be divided, for distance exists not for communion of spirit, and to some of us it begins already to appear that "the whole earth is the garden of the Lord and every human being in it an invited guest."

MAUDE MARGARET HOLBACH.
International Summer School for Peace and Freedom, Hotel Meister, Lugano, Switzerland.

CORRESPONDENCE

Gandhi—A Letter and a Reply

I.

28 Alexandra Court,

Calcutta, India, 21st May, 1922.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—

An Indian friend has brought to my attention a sermon of yours upon Mahatma Gandhi recently published in UNITY. I have ordered a number of copies of the Indian reprint for distribution, as I think it the most comprehensive, intelligent, and eloquent appreciation of this wonderful man that has yet appeared. This will, I trust, be sufficient evidence of my sympathy with you in "fundamentals" to obtain your careful consideration of some protests I wish to make against a few of the positions you have taken.

My first protest is against your comparison of Gandhi with Jesus. I am not unaware of the many instructive parallels that exist. I have no wish to detract in the slightest from the praise and reverence you accord Gandhi. But I do ask you to consider certain contrasts that seem to me fundamental. Because I believe that Gandhi in the particulars I shall mention has erred grievously and disastrously, and because I find no trace of such errors or limitations in what I have learned of Jesus, I cannot consent to any view that would place them upon an equality.

The contrasts which seem to me fundamental are three in number,—the political character of Gandhi's gospel, the blindness of his patriotism, and his uncritical acceptance of the national religion.

If Jesus was like Gandhi, we must think of his gospel as chiefly concerned with the overthrow of the Roman power in Palestine. We must think of this as his life's effort, and believe that he was content to let his work be tested by the success of that effort. This Gandhi has not hesitated to do. He has promised his people "swaraj,"—even setting definite dates for its realization—and has said that he would retire "to the Himalayas," broken by disappointment, if it was not so realized. It is not so, I think, that either you or I have "learned Christ." Only consider how resolutely Jesus refused to have anything to do with the revolutionary movements of his day. In identifying his gospel with a political program, it seems to me that Gandhi has erred grievously and disastrously. It is too big a gospel to be realized in a few months or a single generation. And a gospel of moral regeneration is only betrayed and hindered by political associations.

We read that Jesus would not trust himself to the multitudes because he knew what was in their hearts. Now to anyone but Gandhi it is clearly evident that the Indian people are not remotely capable of such a revolution as he desires to lead. Nearly two thousand years of Christianity have not yet produced a people capable of it; do you expect to find such capacity among Mohammedans and Hindus? Gandhi does. This is patriotic blindness. He has repeatedly told his people that until they were morally regenerate, till hate was rooted out of their hearts together with idleness, cowardice, and deceit, until "untouchability" was eradicated from their social system, until cottage industries were resumed on a vast scale, "swaraj" would never come. Yet, although not one single condition has ever been fulfilled, he has gone on from stage to stage of his revolutionary program and the final measure, "civil disobedience," was about to be put in force when the Government stepped in. From the evidence of those who are close to him I believe that he is wholly sincere. I am driven to believe therefore that his passionate love of his people blinds him to their defects and to their failure to grasp his message. This is not the clear vision of Jesus.

From the same source proceeds his uncritical acceptance of the national religion. Whether you compare it with Christianity, or with the nobler elements within itself, Hinduism to-day, the Hinduism of the people, with its disgusting idols, its caste system, its superstitions, is a mass of sickening abominations. Against all these Gandhi has said nothing. They are *Indian* and therefore sacred. In this he is less noble than Ram Moham Roy, founder of the Brahmo Somaj, or the founder of the greater Arya Somaj. Were he content to be a religious teacher, perhaps he would speak out. Perhaps his alliance with the national faith is one of the worst fruits of the entanglement of his gospel in the toils of political conflict.

Leaving now the question of the comparison with Jesus, I would ask you in what way Gandhi has a message for the world. I fail to find even a very hopeful one for his own people. A message of moral regeneration, made powerful and vivid by an extraordinary personality I am happy to grant you. But what solution does he offer for the problems characteristic of our day? I have followed his utterances carefully in a vain search for any illuminating pronouncement upon education, sanitation, rural improvement, labor problems, or any other of the great *social* (as distinguished from *political*) questions that concern India to-day. To all queries on such points he replies that, once India is free, the genius of her liberated people may be trusted to overcome all difficulties. Those of us who have seen Indian genius at work or studied its history can only shudder at the spectacle such a thought brings before the imagination.

We cannot escape the evils of our present civilization by reverting to cottage industries. Our sufferings proceed not from the mere fact that we utilize machines and produce on a large scale but from the quite different and *unnecessary* fact that we have made the machines and the resulting industrial organizations our masters instead of our servants. Deliverance lies in reversing the relationship. But for this mastery of mechanism and the forces of our times Gandhi gives not a single clue. His vision is in the past and not in the future.

It is of course unfair to lay upon Gandhi the blame for all the follies and extravagances of his followers. Yet the visible results of his efforts must be taken into consideration when we attempt to estimate not merely the beauty or nobility of his gospel but its relation to the times and the needs or capacities of his hearers. Here, it seems to me, the record is black. The Muhajrin or migration to Afghanistan in early 1920, the exodus of coolies from the tea gardens of Assam, the Moplah rebellion, the riots in Bombay, and the massacre at Chauri Chaura are only a few of the incidents that fully demonstrate the utter incapacity of the Indian people to put into practice Gandhi's gospel. To these particular incidents we must add a long list of failures. Indian office holders have *not* resigned their positions or titles in impressive numbers. National schools have *not* replaced the existing educational institutions to any degree worth noting or with any success. The Hindu-Moslem breach has *not* been closed. Untouchability has *not* been abolished. Cottage industries have *not* been largely resumed. The result of two years agitation seems to be only an alarming degree of lawlessness and an atmosphere infected with suspicion and hate. With all this there has not been a hint of a constructive program, not a step in the direction of anything that can possibly be called progress.

I cannot close this letter without reference to the Khilafat movement. You have stood for *liberal* Christianity; you have fought religious bigotry wherever you have encountered it; are you now going to support Mohammedan fanaticism, a far sterner, narrower, fiercer passion than anything you have yet met with? Khilafatism is not even Indian patriotism. To the Hindu the present unrest has a national meaning. His perils, his sufferings, his labors are for India, the Mother. The Mohammedan is interested in India only as a unit in Islam. The Khilafat leaders have never disguised their preference for violent methods. Their attachment to Gandhi was frankly admitted to be conditioned upon his success in realizing their aims. Their real temper is seen in the forced conversions, the tortures, mutilations, and murders of the Moplah rebellion and in the remark of one of the Ali Brothers to the saintly Mr. Andrews at Bolpur that every European in their neighborhood ought to be massacred. (He did except Mr. Andrews—with apparent reluctance.) A grand vision of a Pan-Islamic Empire, high courage, and untiring zeal we may indeed admire in the Ali Brothers—but a Christian should think long and carefully before he gives his blessing to their efforts.

I should like to write much more; but I must not try your patience and my own time is limited. I do, however, wish to plead with you for a greater caution in utterance upon Indian affairs. You are thousands of miles away, you cannot but be ignorant of the many factors that render Indian problems almost inconceivably intricate, and your words may do incalculable harm.

Yours sincerely, in all your labors for righteousness and the Kingdom of God. W. H. ROBERTS.

II.

61 East 34th Street, New York City,
September 22nd, 1922.

Mr. W. H. Roberts,
28 Alexandra Court,
Calcutta, India.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of the 21st of May in comment at length upon my sermon published in UNITY some months ago, under the title, "The Universal Significance of Mahatma Gandhi," reached my desk a few days after I departed for Europe to spend the summer in travel. I did not see it until my return to New York one week ago, and would offer this fact as my explanation and apology for the long delay in acknowledging your communication. I especially regret this delay in view of the very appreciative and friendly way in which you present your discussion of my subject. I would at the outset express to you my sincere gratitude for the generous spirit in which you address me. It is a pleasure to find in these difficult days of bitter and acrimonious controversy that it is possible to differ in certain aspects of opinion and still cherish respect and friendship one for another. In writing you in answer to your criticisms, I cherish the earnest desire to rise to the level of good will which you have manifested in your every word.

The chief burden of your letter is your "protest against (my) comparison of Gandhi with Jesus." You recognize that there are "many instructive parallels." These parallels are certainly impressive, are most of them fundamental rather than superficial in character, and would alone justify the comparison between the two men which I ventured to offer. There are obviously certain discrepancies—a fact which is inevitable in any historical parallel of this kind. Such discrepancies, however, invalidate my comparison between Gandhi and Jesus and to a less degree than that of any other comparison with which I am familiar. Bertrand Russell, for example, has compared Lenin with Cromwell in his book on Soviet Russia. I believe this to be a justified comparison in spite of the terrific fact that Lenin is an out and out materialist and Cromwell the great leader of one of the most fundamental and self-conscious religious movements in history. Plutarch has given us the pre-eminently classical instance of "Parallel Lives." If you will refresh your memory of his biographies, you will surely discover that many of them have a basis of comparison much more slender and less well founded than mine in this case. Gandhi seems to me to belong on the same spiritual level with Jesus, to be dominated by the same notives, to be seeking the fulfillment of the same exalted ideals, and to be characterized by the same purity of soul. At bottom, I believe that I am doing Gandhi an injustice, rather than Jesus, in making the comparison, for I feel that Gandhi is a complete spiritual personality destined to find and hold a place in history distinctly his own. He must lean upon no man, or shelter himself under the wing of no great leader, for vindication. But most people in our Western world understand the things of the spirit only when they are personalized, and I therefore felt that the best method of presenting the reality of Gandhi was to present it as a parallel with or reproduction of the Nazarene. The more I study Gandhi, the more I feel that he belongs in the great succession of those sublime universal religious prophets of whom Jesus is the supreme example.

In presenting your protest, you specify three contrasts between Gandhi and Jesus which you say are fundamental—namely, "the political character of Gandhi's gospel, the blindness of his patriotism, and his uncritical acceptance of the national religion." May I speak of these in turn.

You say that "If Jesus was like Gandhi we must think of his gospel as chiefly concerned with the overthrow of the Roman power in Palestine." Implicit in this statement is the assertion that Jesus was not concerned with the political and social affairs of his time. Such interpretation of the character and work of Jesus I can not accept. I was brought up to believe that Jesus was exclusively a moral leader, concerned with the regeneration of the individual life. In recent years, however, I have come to feel that, like every great religious leader, Jesus was fundamentally a reformer and that the logic of his movement was the overthrow of the Roman power in his country. This was not Jesus's ultimate aim any more than it is Gandhi's, but it was a necessary step, perhaps even the first. Nothing else, to my mind, can explain Jesus's absorption in the writings of Isaiah, and his definition of his aim in Isaiah's words. In the same way, nothing else can explain his rapturous acceptance by the people and his final death at the hands of the Roman power. Jesus is to be distinguished from the revolutionists of his time not by what you call his refusal "to have anything to do with the revolutionary movements of his day," but rather by his triumphant lifting of the revolution to the level of spiritual idealism, his recognition of the basic moral factors involved in every such movement, and his rejection of the method of violence in favor of the method of non-resistance. These factors gave to him a dignity, a power, a transcendental sublimity of soul, which indeed, lifts him far above all other contemporary leaders of his people and puts him primarily in the field of religion. But this does not exclude political activity and a political program. Read the famous chapter in Walter Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis"—Chapter III, entitled, "The Social Aims of Jesus"—if you would understand what I mean. What leads us apart here, as you must see, is a fundamental difference of opinion as to the kind of man that Jesus was and the kind of work that he undertook to do. From my standpoint, all that you say on this point of the political character of Gandhi's gospel is evidence in support of my comparison of Gandhi with Jesus. We have not a contrast but a parallel! Both men are profound spiritual geniuses, using their vision for the social emancipation of their people. How close is this identity, for which you yourself present the evidence, is shown by your statement that Gandhi has not hesitated to test his work by the success of his campaign against the British Empire. You say, "He has promised his people 'swaraj,' even setting denite dates for its realization." Is this not exactly the thing that Jesus did if the Gospel record be correct? Did he not proclaim the Kingdom of Heaven and declare that its advent would be within the lifetime of those who heard him? How otherwise can we explain such a statement as is recorded in Matthew 24:34, "Verily I say unto you this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished." To be sure, Jesus did not set the day and the hour, but he gave the definite assurance that the day was "at hand."

Your second point concerns Gandhi's blind trust in his fellow countrymen. You say that the Indian people are not capable of such a revolution as he desires to lead and that everybody sees this but Gandhi himself. In contrast to this, you say that Jesus did not trust the multitudes and thus displayed a much clearer understanding of popular psychology. Here again I must absolutely differ from you for the reason that I read quite otherwise the record of the Nazarene's life. To my mind, nothing is more evident in the Gospel records than Jesus's confidence in the common people and the utter abandon with which he gave himself to their support. Do we not everywhere have the picture of Jesus turning away from the pharisees—that is, the educated and respectable classes of his day—and going out into the highways and gathering the masses about him? Are we not told that the multitudes heard him gladly? Was not his entrance into Jerusalem characterized by a great mass demonstration which he did not at all rebuke? Every book that I have ever read on Jesus lays emphasis on his sublime trust in human nature and his belief that it could rise to the challenge of the loftiest spiritual appeal. Gandhi has exactly this same attitude; he dares to believe that the humblest souls can understand truth and practice virtue, and in this do we find one of his sublimest characteristics and one of the surest evidences of his spiritual genius? You say that Jesus knew the limitations and weaknesses of the people. So he did. But does not Gandhi have this same knowledge, and does he not therefore display a vision of reality fully as clear as that of Jesus? You yourself admit this, do you not, in your sentence, "He (Gandhi) has repeatedly told his people that until they were morally regenerate, till hate was rooted out of their hearts together with idleness, cowardice and deceit . . . 'swaraj' would never come"? Here to my mind is perfect clarity of vision. The man who can thus call a people to repentance is characterized by no patriotic blindness. In their attitude toward men and women, Jesus and Gandhi display together identically the same sublime quality. It is the quality beautifully interpreted by Romain Rolland in a sentence in "Clerambault," where he speaks of knowing men's sins and weaknesses and yet loving them.

Lastly, you condemn Gandhi's "uncritical acceptance of the national religion," and evidently imply that Jesus did not accept thus the Judaism of his day. This raises another point as to the understanding of the Gospel record. Jesus was certainly critical of the religion of his time and place, but it is significant that he accepted it all the same. You remember the passage, "I come not to destroy but to fulfill." In other words, Jesus never at any time attempted to found a separate religion apart from Judaism, as Christianity later became. He never dreamed that what he was doing would ultimately take his followers outside the Jewish fold. He kept the Jewish feasts, obeyed the Jewish law as he understood it, and so far as he was an

ecclesiastical reformer at all, tried to preserve the Hebrew faith by cleansing and reviving it. We can best sum up his position toward his native religion, it seems to me, by describing it as one of critical acceptance. I find identically the same thing to be true of Gandhi so that here again, on your own evidence, we have not contrast but identity. Gandhi accepts his native Hinduism, but I can not agree with you that he does it uncritically. On the contrary, I think there is good evidence that he is a ruthless critic of the abominations to which you refer. Thus, he condemns infant marriages, the ill usage of widows, and other ancient customs; he refuses in his own life to recognize the caste system, and while refraining from seeking its destruction at this moment of struggle against the British Empire, he definitely includes within his ultimate policy, the elimination of these age-old social barriers; also, in his religious teaching, he lifts his followers by word and example to a plane of spiritual life which of itself tends to eliminate the superstitions which have long beset his people. I hope that I am not unfair or ungenerous if I suggest that what you say on this point seems to involve a criticism not so much of Gandhi's allegiance to his national religion as of his refusal of allegiance to Christianity!

This thought has come to my mind as a result of my experience in finding the Christian missionaries opposed, without exception, to Gandhi and his work. This thing has been a mystery to me, for I feel that Christians ought to be the very first to recognize the spiritual sublimity of this great Indian, and I can find no adequate explanation of their blindness but Gandhi's refusal to become converted. Certainly it is interesting to note that this refusal has been based upon the very "sickening abominations" in the Christian world which you seem to find in Hinduism. As I survey the world today, I can not imagine how any so-called heathen, who has within his soul a spark of spiritual life, can feel anything but the utmost disgust for the Christian church and all its works. At any rate, it seems to me that Gandhi is doing the natural as well as the right thing in adhering to his own native religion and seeking to lift it to a higher plane of thought and feeling.

Apart from these three criticisms, you seem to be chiefly troubled by "the follies and extravagances of Gandhi's followers" and to feel inclined to lay the blame on him. The facts which you record, of course, I can not deny. They are true and they are regrettable, but in view of all the circumstances involved, I am impressed by the fact not that there have been some follies and extravagances, but that these follies and extravagances have been so few. I marvel at the discipline which Gandhi has imposed upon the untutored millions of his native countrymen. I know of no achievement in history to compare with the degree of success which he has won in holding these people within the rigorous bounds of non-resistance. They have long been oppressed by an alien government; they have in recent years been sorely tried by outrages of the Amritsar type; they are being summoned to a great movement of revolt against oppression; and yet, with few exceptions, these Indians have risen to a standard of self-control, steadfast purpose, and peaceful agitation which is unparalleled in human experience. To condemn Gandhi and his movement because of the few instances which you specify is like condemning a church because one of the deacons lives in adultery, or condemning Christian missions because some missionaries are false and others corrupt. We must take into primary account not the exception but the rule. And the rule in this case, it seems to me, is all in Gandhi's favor. Furthermore, I doubt the justice of blaming any man for all the consequences that follow upon his work. In a letter in the current issue of *The Christian Register* (September 21st) by Alice Stone Blackwell of Boston, I find the following pertinent remark, "She (a correspondent whom Miss Blackwell is answering) says the gospel of Gandhi 'works out as directly promoting racial hatred, mob violence, social bitterness, and disaster.' She might as well say that the race hatred, mob violence and social bitterness found in so-called Christian countries are the working out of the gospel of Jesus. These bad things exist in Christendom not because the people obey the injunctions of Jesus but because they do not. When they are found in India, it is because people go directly counter to Gandhi's clearest and most emphatic teachings."

You ask "in what way Gandhi has a message for the world." I can only answer this inquiry by referring you to my sermon as printed in UNITY which started this discussion. If I did not make my interpretation clear in that discussion I can not hope to do it here.

One final word! Your letter is the most specific and tempered criticism of Gandhi and his movement which I have ever seen. In this reply I have tried to state what I feel to be the answer to such criticism. I assume that you will be willing for me to print this correspondence in the pages of UNITY so that the issue may be presented to our readers.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

THE CURTAIN. By Alexander Macfarlan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

"The Curtain" is a book of mixed qualities. Some of it is very good. There is one scene in it (Chapter III) that is simply majestic,—a scene in which two men and two women suffer the most exquisite torture imaginable, striking at one another with words as sharp as swords, wounding the heart, the mind, the soul even, pitilessly. And there is much that is not good, much that is really unfair to the reader—the long arm of coincidence is repeatedly yanked out of its socket; and the conclusion is the most barefaced propaganda for the Roman Catholic church that I have read in many a day. It is not pleasant to have to speak of these things, but it is a critic's duty; the author has forgotten on these occasions that there are some readers who are no longer children to be fed fairy tales or flattered and frightened by either gods or goblins.

The plot deals with three men and two women, principally. The first of the men is Hugh Cardinal, supposedly British consul at Bastia on the island of Corsica. To visit him comes Audrey Broome, a novelist, and later Cardinal's uncle, Lionel McBain, a musical comedy actor. The consul is deeply but silently loved by his secretary, Ellen Gay, "a spinster who doesn't matter." But he is too self-centered to realize the depths of this woman's interest, and allows himself to fall into the clutches of a beautiful Anglo-French adventuress, one Mabel Cain, who happens to be blind. This girl's intentions are deliberately sinister, but Cardinal is too gullible to understand his danger and soon announces their engagement. Of course, Broome, who knows the girl's unfortunate reputation, is deeply pained at his friend's decision to marry her; and Miss Gay is so overcome that she resigns her position and hurries away to the hills—where she finds relief in joining the Roman Catholic church. The Cain girl's sight is restored by means of a surgical operation, but the marriage does not follow. By this time, the actor McBain arrives on the island and promptly incurs the hatred of some of the natives, one of whom for revenge shoots the consul—destroying *his* eyesight! (Oh, authors, what next?) The adventuress immediately declines to marry her stricken lover and elopes to Spain with the actor instead. The consul finds consolation in the hastily summoned Miss Gay—and her Catholicism!

Now, on the face of it the plot is ridiculous. Things simply don't happen that way. The sudden blindness of "the hero" is utter foolishness. Shot by an assassin in a dark garden, shot by one intending to kill, both eyes are destroyed but the brain is not injured! What credulous persons some novelists are! We are asked to believe that the impossible occurs and that a proud,

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

JAPAN.

Each time I have visited Japan before I have felt, first, the rigidity and bondage of the thought of the Japanese people, and second, the sense of an almost boundless physical vitality. This time both of these impressions were reversed. The last time, six years ago, it seemed like passing into a stifling atmosphere in coming from the Philippines into Japan. Out of their perfect liberty and freedom of thought and action, one plunged into the rigid institutions and stereotyped spirit of the Japanese nation. But now in this new day one has a feeling of moving among great and free thoughts. Indeed in Japan today this is the common word—"thoughts" of all kinds—and thoughts are very dangerous to a governing class which does not like anything that tends to a full freedom of the people. One does not see in Japan now the same strength of the old institutions binding like strait-jackets the minds of men. But now in Japan, as everywhere else around the world, one does find the deep feelings that are stirring the spirit of all mankind.

The other impressions also of which I spoke,—that of boundless physical vitality,—is now overturned. One has the feeling of looking into a sick face in Japan today, and the Japanese are beginning to feel it, too. They realize what influences are sapping the vitality of their people. Their educational systems are solid, competing intellectually with the best educational systems of the world. They are raising the standards that they may meet any other nation. But the effort and strain have weakened the vitality of the nation. Twenty per cent of the young women, sucked up in the great maelstrom which streams everywhere out of the village life of Japan into the large industrial centers, entering the great industries, go back marked with tuberculosis. School teachers complain about the health of their school children and urge the impossibility of their meeting the mental strain of the physical conditions under which they have to live and work.—*Extract from an address by Robert E. Speer, President of the Federal Churches, upon his recent return from the Orient.*

POLITICAL PRISONERS STILL IN JAIL UNDER WAR LAWS

I. W. W. Prisoners Now in Leavenworth Prison, September, 1922

Chicago Case

Carl Ahlteen	20 years
A. V. Azuara	20 years
Charles Bennett	10 years
G. J. Bourg	10 years
Richard Brazier	20 years
Dan Buckley	10 years
Ralph H. Chaplin	20 years
Alexander Cournos	10 years
C. W. Davis	10 years
J. T. Doran	5 years
Forrest Edwards	20 years
Ben Fletcher	10 years
John M. Foss	5 years
Harrison George	5 years
Joe Graber	5 years
Peter Green	10 years
Ragner Johannsen	10 years
H. F. Kane	5 years
Charles L. Lambert	20 years
W. H. Lewis	5 years
Harry Lloyd	5 years
Burt Lorton	10 years
John Martin	10 years
Francis Miller	10 years
J. A. MacDonald	10 years
Chas. H. McKinnon	5 years
Walter T. Nef	20 years
John Pancner	10 years
Manuel Rey	20 years
James Rowan	20 years
Sam Scarlett	20 years
Don Sheridan	10 years
Archie Sinclair	10 years
James Solvick	10 years
Siegfried Stenberg	10 years
James P. Thompson	10 years
John I. Turner	10 years
John Walsh	10 years
Frank Westerlund	10 years

Kansas City, Kan., Case

C. W. Anderson	9 years
Wenzil Francik	7½ years
F. J. Gallagher	8 years
O. E. Gordon	7½ years
M. Sapper	7½ years

Sacramento Case

Elmer Anderson	10 years
Pete de Bernardi	10 years
Harry Brewer	10 years
Edward Carey	5 years
Roy P. Connor	10 years
Robert Connellan	10 years
Mortimer Downing	10 years
Godfrey Ebel	10 years
Frank Elliott	10 years
Fred Esmond	10 years
John Graves	10 years
Harry Gray	10 years
Henry Hammer	10 years
William Hood	10 years
Chris. A. Luber	10 years
Philip McLaughlin	10 years
John Potthast	10 years
Edward Quigley	10 years
James Quinlan	10 years
Vincent Santilli	10 years
Myron Sprague	10 years
Herbert Stredwick	5 years
Caesar Tabib	10 years
J. Tori	10 years
George F. Voetter	10 years

Prisoners Not Members of I. W. W.

Atlanta Prison

Nicholas M. Zogg	10 years

McNeil Island Prison
(WASHINGTON)

Daniel O'Connell	7 years

Leavenworth Prison

J. O. Bentall	5 years
Ricardo Flores Magon	20 years
Librado Rivera	15 years

PARDON OFFERED SIX POLITICAL WAR PRISONERS

Washington, D. C., October 16.—Announcement has been made by the department of justice that President Harding will grant conditional pardon to six of the seventy-three political prisoners serving sentences in Leavenworth for offenses committed during the war.

The six men who are offered release are Walter T. Nef, former secretary-treasurer Marine Transport Workers, Philadelphia; John J. Walsh, Benjamin H. Fletcher, also members of the Marine Transport Workers' union; Ragner Johannsen, Siegfried Stenberg, and Carl Ahlteen, natives of Sweden, all of Minneapolis and members of the I. W. W.

The condition imposed upon the Swedish prisoners is immediate deportation for life.

A condition imposed upon the three Philadelphia men is a promise that they will be law abiding in future and that the President will be the sole judge of whether or not they comply with this condition.

"It is not known yet if the men will accept the condition, since they have never admitted that they broke the law of the land, and since they consider their arrests and imprisonment illegal," said a statement issued tonight by the joint amnesty committee.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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selfish and quarrelsome man becomes meek, mild and generous the moment he becomes blind and wins a Roman Catholic wife! We are solemnly told that "the Catholic creed is the best in the world." We are expected to buy books of this sort, spend precious time reading them, and then, having been deceived and preached at, feel that we have not been insulted and that we have received value for value.

It is only after considerable debate that I have decided to write about "The Curtain" at all. I have no quarrel with the Catholic church, no quarrel with any church. I have no quarrel with Alexander Macfarlan—whoever he is. But I do dislike his book, and—what is more important—I dislike the type of book it is. (Another equally shameless example of the same general sort is "The Poisoner" by Gerald Cumberland, published by Brentano's; in this case the propaganda is that of psycho-analysis—a very doubtful "science" and a very dangerous toy.) Macfarlan knows how to write the English language. But he does not know how to think. He should be ashamed to waste his technical skill on such shabby material. One feels indignant that such trash should be dressed in such a rich garment.

Perhaps Macfarlan is young. In that case, he can afford to be disgusted with "The Curtain." I am sure that he is capable of fine writing—if only he will learn to think.

James Waldo Fawcett.

CO-OPERATIVE COW FEEDS POOR CHILDREN.

A community cow in Greensboro, N. C., is exemplifying the co-operative spirit in a unique way. The cow is owned by the friendly Church-by-the-side-of-the-Road, which rents it out at $1 a week to poor families with children who cannot afford to buy adequate milk, let alone a cow. The six children of the first family served by this co-operative quadruped already exhibit an improvement in health which ought to gladden any bovine's heart.

The revenue derived from the small rental fee charged is being placed in a fund for the purchase of a community herd which will provide pure milk at cost for the less fortunate children of Greensboro.

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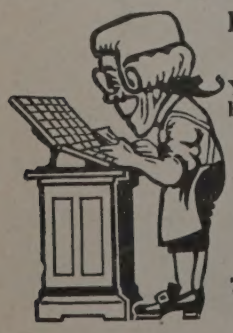
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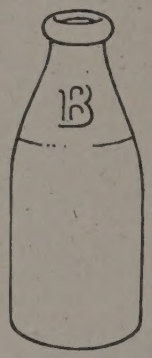
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